1: Leitner L-2 (1868-93) 1893? AV3 Dard AV3

000 Although the period may be past in which a great English Journal could ask, "*what* is Gilgit?" the contradictory telegrams and newspaper accounts which we receive regarding the countries adjoining Gilgit show that the Press has still much to learn. Names of places, as far apart as Edinburgh and London, are put within a day's march on foot. Names of men figure on maps as places and the relationships of the Chiefs of the region in question are invented or confounded as may suit the politics of the moment, if not the capacity of the printer. The injunctions of the Decalogue are applied or misapplied, extended or curtailed, to suit immediate convenience, and a different standard of morality is constantly being found for our friends of to-day or our foes of to-morrow. The youth Afzul-ul-Mulk was credited with all human virtues and with even more than British manliness, as he was supposed to be friendly to us. He had given his country into our hands in order to receive our support against his elder brother, the acknowledged heir of the late Aman-ul-Mulk of Chitrál, but that elder brother, Nizám-ul-Mulk, was no less friendly to English interests, although he has the advantage of being a man of capacity and independence. The sudden death of Aman-ul-Mulk coincided with the presence of our protégé at Chitrál, and the first thing that the virtuous Afzul-ul-Mulk did, was to invite as many brothers as were within reach to a banquet when he murdered them. No doubt, as a single-minded paramount, he did not wish to be diverted from the task of governing his country by the performance of social duties to the large circle of acquaintances in brothers and their families which Providence bestows on a native ruler or claimant in Chitrál and Yasin. A member of the Khushwaqtia dynasty of Yasin, which is a branch of the Chitrál dynasty, told me when I expressed my astonishment at the constant murders in his family: "A real relative is a high family is a person whom God points out to one to kill as an obstacle in one's way, whereas a foster relative (generally

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of a lower class) is a true friend who rises and falls with one's own fortune" (it being the custom for a scion of a noble house to be given out to a nurse.)

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The dynasty of Chitrál is said to have been established by Baba Ayub, an adventurer of Khorassan. He adopted the already existing name of *Katór*, whence the dynasty is called Katoré. The Emperor Baber refers to the country of Katór in his Memoirs and a still more ancient origin has been found in identifying Katór with "Kitolo, the King of the Great Yuechi, who, in the beginning of the 5th century, conquered Balkh and Gandhara, and whose son established the Kingdom of the Little Yuechi, at Peshawur." (See Biddulph's "Tribes of the Hindoo Koosh," page 148.) General Cunningham asserts that the King of Chitrál takes the title of Shah Kator, which has been held for nearly 2,000 years, and the story of their descent from Alexander may be traced to the fact that they were the successors of the Indo-Grecian Kings in the Kabul valley. If Katór is a corruption of Kaisar, then let it not be said that the remnant of the Katoré exclaimed with the Roman gladiator: "Ave, Kaisar-i-Hind, morituri te salutant."

Amán-ul-Mulk, the late ruler of Chitrál, was, indeed, a terrible man, who to extraordinary courage joined the arts of the diplomatist. He succeeded his elder brother, surnamed Adam-Khór or "man-eater." His younger brother, Mir Afzul, is said to have been killed by him or to have committed a convenient suicide; another brother, Sher Afzul, who is now in possession of Chitrál, was long a fugitive in Badakhshan whence he has just returned with a few Afghans (such as any pretender can ever collect) and a hundred of the Chitrál slaves that used to be given in tribute to the Mir of Badakhshan, which itself never paid a tribute to Kabul before the late Sher Ali of Afghanistan installed Mahmud Shah, who expelled his predecessor Jehandar Shah, the friend of Abdur-Rahman, the present Amir of Afghanistan. Another brother of Amán-ul-Mulk

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What could be done with troops so treated? The men were well enough, and, poor wretches, looked eagerly to my coming to relieve them of their misery. Some of the officers were keen, but peculation and corruption were rampant; the honest men, if they existed, had no chance, and the condition of the force was deplorable. K 704 705 [703]

If from the military point of view things were bad, from the civil they were no better. The Durbar was robbed by every official from the highest to the lowest; granaries that should have been full of good grain were empty, or full of rubbish substituted for a consideration, bribery and corruption ruled the land, disloyalty and treachery were in its high places. The man to send warning to the Hunza-Nagar forces, when after the capture of Chaprot they had advanced south and were besieging Nomal, the last Kashmir fort between them and Gilgit, of the advance of the Kashmir troops to its relief, was the Governor of Gilgit's right-hand man, Wazir Ghulam Haidar. Every one knew this, yet he was still employed and passed backwards and forwards between both sides, apparently the trusted servant of the Governor. A more villainous-looking scoundrel I never saw. He came one day, bringing the sons of the Raja of Nagar, who had come as ambassadors from their father, to see me. One of them had some years before been made Rá or Chief of Gilgit by the Durbar, the old line of chiefs having died out, and he having married the last surviving girl belonging to it. He had distinguished himself by bolting from Gilgit and leading the attack of the Nagar forces on Chaprot some months before. I thought D 661 D 662

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character as I very soon learnt. At heart he was a pure savage, a mixture of the monkey and the tiger. Loyal from calculation, and from hopes of being recognised by Government as the heir-apparent, he was, under his cloak of open bonhomie, generosity, and transparent honesty, the most persistent plotter, and the most treacherous and ruthless foe. At his father's death he very naturally seized the throne, and his elder brother fled the country, defeated by superior powers of intrigue. But with all his cunning Afzul-ul Mulk was a fool. He tried to strike terror by cutting down the leading men; he cut down too many of too few. The cold-blooded and treacherous murder of three brothers would have passed with little comment, the death of leading adherents of his brother was natural, but the announcement that a list of had men existed, who were to be killed, and the uncertainty as to whose turn was to come next, were too much. A carefully prepared plot, hatched in Afghanistan, overthrew him; his trusted adherents betrayed him, his most confidential servant opened the gates of his fort and let in the enemy, and he fell as he had risen, by treachery and murder.

However, at the moment, everything was rosy. No shadows of coming events chilled us, and I gladly arranged to accept the Mehtar's invitation to visit his country, so courteously delivered by Afzul. It was decided that he should move on ahead of me, as he took up a great deal of carriage, and that he should await me at Mastuj, the headquarters of the district he governed. I wanted a few days to arrange about my carriage, and to take farewell of my Kashmiri friends, to each one of whom I had to

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567 donkey, but I never heard the value of an old
652 woman quoted. I lived in perpetual terror of being presented with a slave, and was prevented by this and other obvious considerations—one being that I did not want spies in my household—from attempting to start Chitrali servants, which was a loss when later I wanted to learn something of the language.

651 Throughout Chitral on this occasion I was not
• 661 allowed to pay for any supplies. As my camp was very small this was no great tax, and I tried to make up for it by giving presents. I found that the ruler and his guests were always supplied with food and firewood, and that this levy really took the place of part of the land tax, and that in some places it was the sole cess on land. In theory, it is a perfectly natural and harmless tax in a wild country like Chitral, but in practice it is bad, as the strong man in a village does not produce his own milk or sheep when the king's camp comes along and has to be fed, but takes those of his poorer neighbour, and presents them, with protestations of
661 joy and loyalty. When I visited Chitral again, or officers under my orders did so in after years, it was always the rule that all supplies and carriage should be paid for by a British officer in person. In the case of coolies this ensured the right man getting the money, but with supplies one was never certain of paying the rightful owner, and, in any case, the strong man armed took his share. That we could not help, you cannot alter the immemorial East; all that we could do was to make it evident to the people that we wanted to pay honestly for whatever we took, and that we were not on the

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side of oppression. The result was natural—the slaves and labouring classes liked us; the Adamzadas or nobles, who thought all the money should go to them, hated the sight of us.

The next point in our journey was Mastuj, a hundred and twenty miles from Gakuch, and the capital of Afzul's government. Afzul met me a march from it, and it was a pleasure, after passing some days in marching through Nizam's country, where such luxuries were unheeded, to get into his territory, and to find roads improved and cleared of stones so far as possible, and bridges repaired.

There was plenty of interest on the road: the first five or six marches from Gakuch were much as usual, over the most dreadful ground, but after that the valley opened a little. An extract from my diary for one day will give an idea of the road:—"The road very stony, in many places passing over the rocky *debris* slopes from the cliffs above, and going for some distance over nothing but broken rocks of all sizes: in fact, yesterday and to-day we have been riding gaily over places I should be afraid to lead an English horse over, but my 'Badakshani,' given me by Nizam, with his unshod feet goes over them as smoothly as a cat. We came by the lower road, along a small 'parri,' about three miles back, which is, I think, the most dangerous bit of road we have seen. For twenty yards or so you go along a sort of ledge of *polished* rock, with inequalities here and there where you can put your feet, and there is a clean drop below you of a hundred feet. All the coolies with loads use it, so that no one without a load ought to mind it."

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kingdom without escorts, parted with me for the last time. I never saw him again, though we had three years more to work together in, and whatever snares he laid for me, however much he plotted to my annoyance and sometimes to my anger, my personal friendship and admiration for the old man never changed. Considering his surroundings he was a great man. He was a typical border chief of the old school: for him and his brothers the question had been whether to kill or to be killed. He had chosen the former, and had carried out his plans with unwavering determination, backed by the coolest calculation and the most ruthless execution.

The lines from Sir Alfred Lyall's well-known poem, "The Amir's Soliloquy," used to ring in my head as I sat looking at the old man's striking face:—

> "The victims of God are pardon and pity, they never were mine;
> They have never been ours, in a kingdom all stained with the blood of our kin;
> Where the brothers embrace in the war field, and the reddest sword must win."

The brothers who opposed him slept where they had embraced, and his red sword was sheathed. He ruled over a united country, and no man might gainsay him.

My return journey was uneventful. Afzul-ul-Mulk entertained me at Mastuj. We crossed the Shandur ahead of a heavy snowstorm which overtook us next day, but nothing of importance happened. I received en route a letter from Younghusband, forwarded by the Hunza Chief, saying that

4c Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AVI Kashmir
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181 They are unassuming enough in manner and in appearance. They are men of fine enough physique, but they are soft, and have little or no warlike instinct. [51] Very much attached to their lands, they will not move except under official pressure or the compulsion of the direst poverty. Half a dozen able-bodied men of one family prefer starving on a tiny piece of ancestral land to dividing their forces and taking up ample grants, distant perhaps but a few miles from [66] their old home. The systematic oppression of their rulers, which deprived a man of much of the fruit of his labours, accounts in part for their attitude on this particular point, but, allowing for this, the race is sadly wanting in initiative. The Yeshkun is, I am inclined to think, a better man than the Shin, there is no doubt about his being a better fighting man, and the small caste or clan of the Roun is the best of all.

[78] Taking the whole of Dardistan the inhabitants are not warlike, and in the southern portion alone, which is under the religious influence of the Mullahs of Swat, do you find fanaticism. The people are peaceful; there is none of the natural devilry, dash, love of war, and enterprise, which you find in the neighbouring Pathan, and they never have stood up, and never would stand up, against severe losses. 726 But that they could fight behind suitable defences I always felt was pretty certain, and we found this at Nih. Centuries of desultory warfare have made them adepts at the art of field fortification, and awkward customers to deal with when on the defensive. In attack they are contemptible, and only dangerous when overwhelming numbers force disciplined troops on to the defensive, as at Chitral.

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